

THE WEEKLY GLEANER.

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1862. (1862.)

NUMBER 256

The Weekly Gleaner,

A PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO
EDUCATION, BIBLICAL AND
JEWISH ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE
AND GENERAL NEWS.

JULIUS ECKMAN,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office—514 Commercial st.; or 517
N. street.

TERMS.

One Year—Payable in Advance.....\$6 00
Copies, for one Year.....8 00
Three Months.....3 00
Six Months.....5 00
The Eastern States, Utah and Europe.....12 00
By Mail.....12 00

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From the New York Observer.

Never Give Up!

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night.
There's the star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight—
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion;
Fiends can look like angels bright.
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight.
Turn from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding—
Inward peace and inward light—
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust to God, and do the right.

A True Woman.

A correspondent writes from Kentucky:
The 19th Illinois, Col. TURCHIN, you will
remember, met with that terrible calamity
in the fall of the bridge on the Ohio and
Mississippi railroad. Col. Turchin, a dis-
tinguished Russian, and a General in the
Crimea, had completely won the hearts
of the hardy fellows he commands. His
wife accompanies him in her fifth campaign.
In that terrible ordeal, when, in the dark-
ness of night, the men were drawn out,
one by one, crushed, mangled, or dead,
from the wreck of the bridge, she attended
to every man, giving her orders with
prompt decision, dressing their wounds
skilfully, and making them comfortable
beds with cushions of the cars and their
blankets. "Forty-five men," said a mem-
ber of the regiment to me, "did the little
woman make me lift and place upon the
beds she had prepared; and, when I was
worn out with the labor, she called upon
another man; and so on, till every man
was cared for. Bless her little heart!
we'd any of us die for her; and, to tell
the truth, she has that way with her, that
I'd rather disobey him—that's the Colonel
—than her."

Children's Wisdom.

CHILD—Mother, how many nice things
we have had this summer! The flowers
are beautiful, the vegetables and the fruit
are so plentiful and cheap, everybody
seems to have as much as they wish.

MOTHER—Well, my child, what leads
you to think of this just now?

CHILD—Because, it seems to me, when
God is so good to us, that it is very wicked
for the people to forget it, and keep fight-
ing and killing each other, all the time!
Why don't they stop? I'm afraid, if we
go on in this way, that God will tell some
good man to build another Ark, and go
in with just a few people and animals, as
he did before, and send another flood to
destroy every thing. What a pity that
would be (and the child's face saddened
at the picture he was drawing in his
mind's eye)! what a pity! We should
have to make all the world over again
then.

MOTHER—Where will you find the good
man, my boy, to go in the Ark?

CHILD—I don't know, but I guess it
won't be Jeff Davis.—*Inquirer.*

The Moneyed Man.

The moneyed man reduces all sensa-
tions into the positive ones of pounds,
shillings, and pence; let another admire
the beauties of nature; for his part, he
appreciates in it only the intrinsic value;
in the waving forests he sees wood; in
the flowery meadows, hay; in the golden
cornfield wheat or oats at so much per
quarter; and the most picturesque points
of view are nothing in his eyes if he can-
not ally to them certain calculations of
produce or ideas of revenue. His con-
versation possesses the easy grace of the
banking-house, and the playful amiability
of the Stock Exchange; political events
interest him only through the influence
they exercise on the funds, and even dread
war itself is not such a terrible affair in
his eyes when it happens to favor the
course of his speculations, for, in his
great-hearted liberality, he kneels in adora-
tion before every scheme which may tend
to his own individual profit. In short,
your true moneyed man, when he can no
longer speak of gains to be made or losses
to be avoided, is utterly at fault; he is
out of his element—a true fish out of
water; and accordingly we find him ever
seeking to lead back any conversation he
may be engaged in to the topic of his
heart—money.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Visit of the Sultan.

[From a Christian correspondent.]—
On the 13th of October, at about 10 A. M.,
a Moorish salute of 68 guns announced
the entry of the Sultan at Rabat. His
boats were mostly rigged out for the oc-
casion, and it was naturally supposed that
he would embark at Sallee, and land at
the custom-house quay of Rabat; but
our expectations were not realised. The
fact of there being seven Christian ships

in the port was an insuperable objection;
and in order that his Chieriffian eyes
might not be defiled by such objects, his
Majesty forded the river on horseback, a
few miles above the town, and made his
entry by a back way. His first act has
given great satisfaction to the Christian
and Israelitish population. When all his
troops were assembled in a vast plain, to
the number of about 22,000 men, and
a large number of the inhabitants of
Rabat, he addressed them, and com-
menced by saying that the first man who
insulted or ill-treated a Jew or a Chris-
tian should have his head taken off. This
language augurs well, for there is little
doubt that the threat would be imme-
diately put into execution; and it is most
gratifying to be able to add that we have
never known the people to be so well
and even civilly disposed towards us as
they are now. Three years ago, when
the Sultan visited Rabat, the Christians
dared not show their faces outside the
door, and confined themselves to wall
on the house-tops; now we stand out in
the streets, and look on at all the motley
groups and burlesque characters that
pass. Many are dressed with European
upper garments and Moorish lower
garments; some black men have got white
doe skin gloves, and mimic the Europeans
with their cambric handkerchiefs by
passing a piece of coarse calico, about
two yards long, and unhemmed, continu-
ally over their face. Sidi Mohammed
has much more idea of the pageant of
royalty than his father had; he has even
a band of European music and good
brass instruments; but the poor fellows
are so badly paid, and nearly half-starved,
that they have hardly strength to blow
their instruments.—*J. Chron.*

The Poshia Israel.

[After the "Sippurim"]

(Continued from No. 255.)

It was one pleasant morning, when you
could see a poor old man, in a very mis-
erable outfit, enter the counting-house
[the office] of Mr. Gustave [the banker].
One of the clerks, thinking him a beggar,
anticipated his application by reaching
him an alms. The old man, however,
declined accepting the money, and begged
the favor of seeing the chief of the house.
This request was at first flatly refused,
and after much importunity on the aid
of the poor man, with many excuses, de-
fused. Mr. Gustave was alone in an ad-
joining room. The beggar stepped for-
ward with much resolution, "I cannot
leave till I have seen the chief," said he,
you may use force, if you can do such
against an old man; and if you will not
give my name, I shall enter without being
announced. I have had audience with
ministers and often with the emperor—
of blessed memory—and shall I not be

admitted in the presence of a merchant?"

There was some aged Hebrew men in the office who took the clerk aside, saying, "give the man's name; he deserves some consideration; he is unfortunate, old, and not in his senses. Did you not hear what he said?" In a few seconds the old man and the banker stood face to face.

After some mutual looking at each other, the Shnurrer took the word. "Sir," said he, "if you feel disposed to listen a short time, you will allow me to see to it that I am not interrupted." With these words he turned the key of the office. "What is it, then, that you want of me," asked the banker, with some anxiety.

"You do not know me, sir," replied the old man in a serious tone; "you first have to learn who I am." "Have you ever seen me?" asked the banker. "The last time, on the ninth of Ab [Tishah-be-ab], at the tombstone of your blessed father, before which you stood in deep emotion. I lay down on the hill, above it, sunk in meditation, and would not have noticed you, but the whisper of those who (rudely) stood round you, and expressed their astonishment at seeing you standing on consecrated ground, and betraying holy feelings. I rose, upon which I also became the object of remarks of the multitude: some boys pointed at the 'meshuggeneh Shnurrer' [mad beggar]. You seemed struck at my appearance; but went on. I was glad at it."

"And when did you see me first?"

"In other days, Sir. Do you remember, when you was a boy of about nine years, one night your father brought a strange Bachur [talmudical student] to your house, to enjoy there the hospitality so frequent among our people. Do you remember how happy your father was in letting you read several passages from the prophets which you recited with a warmth that made your father exult at your simplicity in faith, while his smile showed that he believed not. Do you remember the man to whom your father then entrusted that branch of your education. You remember your teacher of Hebrew, grammar, translation and poetry."

"Do I indeed, behold before me, R. Mayer Beck! Wherewith can I be of any service to you? It must be something of importance that brings you to me, what is your errand?"

"To persuade you to continue within the pale of the synagogue, in the profession of the faith of your fathers."

"And this is your message, yours who yourself, as I learned—"

"Hear me; I was prepared to hear from you this reproach; for such it must come from every one who knows not of my inner life. You, dear friend, an ear, and I will try to be propelled by unhallowed was early determined to be much a good or a pious career; I always wanted to know what sphere lay nearer to the heart of my own coreligionists."

"I resolve before I knew life. With a full heart but a vain heart, I arrived at Nicholsburg, when I was kindly received under the hospitable roof of your father's house. He directed the path of my life. He showed me the Eden; pointed out to me the sea of knowledge—but he, belonging to the generation that was the first to emancipate itself from the number of cere-

monies he, with numbers of that generation, threw off the grain with the chaff. We merely tasted some unripe fruit of the tree of knowledge; yet we, in consequence, lost sight of the "tree of life," by not perceiving the cherubim which, with a warning finger, point out "the so far, and no farther."—The mania of the day was knowledge, and human knowledge—as if, in the sphere of the spiritual, we could measure every thing by the span's breadth of our mind. I acquired knowledge, the more I gained the more I miscalculated the grades we at all could attain; so did your father—he tasted of the tree, and you, by totally living on it, will be driven from paradise altogether. There are bounds to human knowledge, beyond which we must be led by the hand of faith."

"But have not you done it?" asked the banker.

Please, listen. From the imagined height to which I weened myself risen, I looked down at my brethren, and they, in their narrow bounds marked out for them by their teachers, "they looked like grasshoppers in my eyes" while I was the giant as I imagined it was my task to elevate them to the level of my (inflated) self. I succeeded to become the Rosh Hackahal [head of the congregation] of Pressburg. For years I endeavored gradually to introduce a new era among them. For years I saw my efforts fail; still I did not give up my hope: till one day I perceived that I, by the crowd, was considered a "Posha-Yisroel. I then saw that my activity in that sphere was at an end. What was I to do? My life was devoted to the cause of my people, and I thought I had to bring it a sacrifice for them. Indifferent to confessions, and offended at ceremonies, I, to reach my end, turned [nominally] Christian. As such I went under a name to which I knew to a touch importance. You know it; so I need not repeat it. Joseph II. ascended the throne, a number of wise regulations were issued in favor of the Jews of Austria. Those were essentially my work; the fruit of my endeavors for years, even before the ascension of the wise monarch upon the throne of Austria. Such is the fact, I was an arduous laborer for, and not a deserter from my people."

Joseph II. died this year; new ideas govern the empire. I can be there of service no more, and thus return to my colors—unknown. Is this your case? I have come now to die among my people, to whom I could return at any time; all that I had to do was to die politically and to resurrect religiously. Not so you; you are young, enjoying an excellent position. Why, by a hasty step, plunge into life-long repentance; and a man cannot pretend to deny one religion and profess to belong to another without committing a great wrong to both.—Remember, you have enmity before you, and the destiny of children and children's children in your hand."

"My errand is done; I want no answer. I leave you now to yourself, and shall again be the 'meshuggeneh Shnurrer.' I rejoice in the mask which a kind fate lent me, to be the more safely hidden under it. You know my secret, which I trust to your honor you will not reveal."

Mr. Maiefeld sat a long time in deep reverie, long after the Shnurrer had left.

On the Holydays Mr. Gustav bought, and used his seat in the Synagogue.

And so the talk in the Jewish quarter, the rumor of his intention to profess the popular religion could not be true.

One afternoon on the latter days of autumn of the same year, a long procession followed a bier. "Who comes to kvooreh [who is to be buried]?" asked a countryman who joined the escort. "Secher tzadick Livrochah [of blessed memory] the meshuggeneh Shnurrer," was the answer.

JERUSALEM.—A DONATION.—The Israelitish community of Paris has remitted 2000 francs for the erection of a new synagogue at Jerusalem; that of Bordeaux, 1000; and M. Urazuel, of Calcutta, 15,000 francs for the same purpose.—U. I.

JERUSALEM.—PERVERSION OF THE IMPERIAL CLEMENCY.—A letter from Jerusalem states:—"The new Sultan has confirmed the equality of the different persuasions. Here is a feature characterizing the state of affairs in the country. An amnesty followed the accession of the new sovereign to the throne; robbers and murderers were set at liberty, to the terror of the population. A brother of the notorious Abdal Rahmon, of Dura, in the neighborhood of Hebron, was a prisoner in the fortress of Widdia. Lately he has returned, striking dismay into the hearts of all peaceful inhabitants, especially our co-religionists. Since then the position of the people there has become very sad; fights, thefts, and murders, are everywhere. The day before yesterday, soldiers with cannon have been sent from this city to the disturbed district. Government might have spared us and itself all these troubles." Other imprisoned murderers (Bedouins) have likewise been set at liberty, thus to be killed by the revivals of the slain. These avengers of blood now occupy in the prison the places of those liberated, and will remain there until another amnesty shall cause the same cruel game to be repeated. U. I.

VIENNA.—THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE.—The committee appointed for the purpose by the Lower House has recommended the perfect legal equality of all citizens, without religious distinction; permission to reside in any part of the empire; to hold real estate, and to be eligible to all public offices. Among the five members who opposed this recommendation, were two bishops and one abbot.—U. I.

BAYONNE.—OFFERINGS.—Baron Gustave De Rothschild spent the New Year holidays at Bayonne, making liberal offerings in the synagogue. He gave 10,000 francs to the Israelitish hospital of the community.

"THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY BIBLE TEXTS.—This work, says the A. I., originally composed in English by an illustrious Israelitish lady, a native of London, but residing in Germany, has lately been translated into German by Rabbi Stein, of Frankfurt.

TEACHING TO BEGIN EARLY.—Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come. So it is with the teachings of youth, which make impressions on the mind and heart, that are to last forever!

For Pork Eaters.

"The animals which live in other animals have very extraordinary habits, as well as habitations. They are traveling by necessity, and parasites by profession. Without change of locality, they cannot even live. Thus the eggs of creatures which inhabit the human body pass to the liver, muscles, brain, or other part, and there develop their larval condition. If they remained in this place they would never attain their mature state. They must move ere they live. But if they are now swallowed by a second animal, they develop and become perfect creatures, producing more eggs, which in turn to become developed, must again pass into the first animal. Thus, the animal which matures itself in the human body passes its larval condition in the human body. This animal is constantly reared near the habitations of man, and thus has access to the eggs of the worm which pass from the human body. This worm probably be prevented were the eggs of these creatures few in number, but the number is perfectly prodigious, and the whole life of the creatures contained in the body seems devoted to the production of these eggs. The common Tania has been known sometimes to attain a length of eighty feet, and this consists of a chain of separate individuals, each of which is not more on an average, than a quarter of an inch in length. It is computed that each of these bodies contains about 20,000 eggs, so that a single chain of these Tania may contain upwards of 6,000,000 of eggs. Any one of these falling into the way of a pig, either in solid or liquid food, is carried into its stomach, and there becomes digested. The digestion in this case, does not destroy the vitality of the egg, as it does that of so many living things, but merely moves the shell of the egg, and allows the development of an embryo Tania. Not however, a helpless fledgling, but a young warrior prepared to cut his way through flesh and blood in order to attain the ultimate object of his ambition. His body is furnished with six hooks, hooked back like fish-hooks, which, having once been stuck into the side of the stomach, never ceases to progress as they have found themselves free to swim in the vital current of the pig's arteries. They are now carried with the blood to the minute capillaries in the muscles, where by reason of their size, they are arrested. This they take in good part for they now divest themselves of their six hooks, and begin to distend themselves into the form of a very minute Scotch bagpipe. In this state they form the cystic worm, the hydatids, the acanthocysts of the old doctors, and in the pig the creature got the name of *Cysticercus cellulosea*. Wherever he is present in red muscular tissue of the pork disappears, and when there are many cysts, the meat appears mottled—"measled" the butchers call it,—hence the term "measly pork." Now, as long as the creature remains in this position it grows no further; it is like a young salmon that cannot get to sea; it retains its present form, grows forth, however, buds like itself, and flourish in the pork around. If we take one of these little cysts, and turn it out, and put it under a microscope, a curious sight presents itself. At the small end there are four bell-shaped suckers and a circle of sacks, into each